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The Pathfinder

MAY, 1911

The Poetry of Louise Imogen Guiney

By EDWARD J. O'BRIEN



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VOLUME FIVE

The PATHFINDER resumes publication after an interval of six months. Mr. Thomas S. Jones, Jr., one of the younger poets of achievement as well as promise, will be associated editorially.

The spirit and purpose of the little journal will remain the same. We hope that it will continue to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciation of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.



Certain numbers of Volume Five will be given, in part, to an appreciation, with selections from the work, of some of our recent writers.

The June number will be devoted largely to Florence Earle Coates; the July number to a poem sequence after the Japanese by Evaleen Stein, and an appreciation of Lafcadio Hearn by Julian Park.

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ON THE LYRICS OF LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

Fleet, elusive, terse,
A wilding charm for its dower,
Such is your lyric verse,
Sweet as a mountain flower.

Haunting as a bird's
Voice at the morning's gate,
Each of your wingèd words
Bears some magical freight.

Hail to your Gothic-Greek
Art with its touch so true!
Still may you sing and seek
Life's evanishing clue!

THE POETRY OF
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

By EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

The high-hearted quest of Life is a beautiful thing. No higher aim may guide a Christian knight. His path is not that of knowledge, but the light of his own soul must lead him through intuition born of holiness. Miss Guiney is the best of women who sings him to the fray.

Her valor is born of a spiritual reserve so deep that it can never be troubled by winds or storms, so deep that its waters are drawn only as the tides are drawn by the higher spiritual attraction. Then this deep-rooted calm gives forth a very lovely song.

In human kindness one remembers a certain portrait of Cardinal Newman, wherein tenderness and strength are marvellously joined. What Lionel Johnson would call a spiritual courtesy is so pervasive of all that both have lived and done! One feels indeed that a noble tradition can never die, and that a successor is ever chosen to receive such a heritage, one who is consecrate, and would do all that was possible for the beauty of this ideal.

To be simple means so much and sacrifices nothing. We would owe Miss Guiney a debt for preserving this tradition, if nothing more. But this sweet simplicity, pure because born of a clear shining light, is the more beautiful since mingled with it inseparably is a strength of purpose and act indomitably clothed in the high beauty of the poets.

No poet is completely equipped who has not humor,—a grace more saving than many another more canonically christened. A blithe gayety is needed to seal the beautiful word, to color it, rather, with the magic of a personal greeting. And this has given to Miss Guiney's poetry the sense of an absolute human contact, potent to work through faith a miracle of transformation. She is one of the few who go singing through the land.

To possess this quality of contact, and preserve the precept of loneliness is her beautiful secret,—again the secret shared with Cardinal Newman, the great priest among men, and with Lionel Johnson, his quiet follower.

But, after all, the most compelling quality in Miss Guiney's poetry is its note of human pity, a note exquisitely attuned to her most valiant song, and which is flawlessly phrased in *A*

Friend's Song for Simoisius. The clear but suffused beauty in this and other lyrics of similar quality is not to be found elsewhere in American poetry. It is gloriously Greek, but becomes transcendent when bathed in her Catholic spirit.

The nineteenth century has given us many Catholic poets, but there are three who would seem destined to outlast the rest. Francis Thompson and Lionel Johnson have each assumed their places in the poetic hierarchy, and Louise Imogen Guiney, akin to both in spiritual sympathies, is their best companion. Elizabethans born out of due time are Francis Thompson and Miss Guiney, sealed of the tribe of Crashaw by every grace of heart and soul. But Lionel Johnson and she, true spiritual comrades, are more closely kin, for in them both burns the clear white flame of beauty which has many names.

POEMS BY
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY*

THE KINGS

- A man said unto his Angel:
"My spirits are fallen low,
And I cannot carry this battle:
O brother! where might I go?
- "The terrible Kings are on me
With spears that are deadly bright;
Against me so from the cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."
- Then said to the man his Angel:
"Thou wavering witless soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,
- "As judged by the little judges
Who harken not well, nor see?
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The Wise shall interpret thee.
- "Thy will is the sovereign measure
And only event of things:
The puniest heart, defying,
Where stronger than all these Kings.

*Reprinted from *Happy Ending, The Collected Lyrics of Louise Imogen Guiney*, with kind permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Thou out of the past they gather,
Mind's Doubt, and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
And ringletted Vain Desires,
And Vice, with the spoils upon him
Of thee and thy beaten sires,—

"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt ;

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall."

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

(Donatello's Saint George)

Spirits of old that bore me,
And set me, meek of mind,
Between great dreams before me,
And deeds as great behind,
Knowing humanity my star
As first abroad I ride,
Shall help me wear with every scar
Honour at eventide.

Let claws of lightning clutch me
From summer's groaning cloud,
Or every malice touch me,
And glory make me proud.

Oh, give my youth, my faith, my sword,
Choice of the heart's desire :
A short life in the saddle, Lord !
Not long life by the fire.

Forethought and recollection
Rivet mine armour gay !
The passion for perfection
Redeem my failing way !
The arrows of the upper slope
From sudden ambush cast,
Rain quick and true, with one to ope
My Paradise at last !

I fear no breathing bowman,
But only, east and west,
The awful other foeman
Impowered in my breast.
The outer fray in the sun shall be,
The inner beneath the moon ;
And may Our Lady lend to me
Sight of the Dragon soon !

*FROM "FIVE CAROLS FOR
CHRISTMASTIDE"*

The Ox he openeth wide the Doore,
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,
And he hath seen her Smile therefor,
Our Ladye without Sinne.
Now soone from Sleep
A Starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde :

Amen, Amen :

But O, the Place co'd I but finde !

The Ox hath hush'd his voyce and bent
 Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
 And on his lovelie neck, forspent,
 The Blessèd layes her Browe.

Around her feet
 Full Warm and Sweete
 His bowerie Breath doth meekly dwell:

Amen, Amen:

But sore am I with Vaine Travèl!

The Ox is host in Judah stall
 And host of more than onelie one,
 For close she gathereth withal
 Our Lorde her littel Sonne.
 Glad Hinde and King
 Their Gyfte may bring,
 But wo'd to-night my Teares were there,

Amen, Amen:

Between her Bosom and His hayre!

THE VIGIL-AT-ARMS

Keep holy watch with silence, prayer, and fasting
 Till morning break, and every bugle play;
 Unto the One aware from everlasting
 Dear are the winners: thou art more than they!

Forth from this peace on manhood's way thou goest,
 Flushed with resolve, and radiant in mail;
 Blessing supreme for men unborn thou sowest,
 O knight elect! O soul ordained to fail!

A FRIEND'S SONG FOR SIMOISIUS

The breath of dew and twilight's grace
Be on the lonely battle-place,
And to so young, so kind a face,
The long protecting grasses cling !
(Alas, alas,
That one inexorable thing !)

In rocky hollows cool and deep,
The honey-bees unrifled sleep ;
The early moon from Ida steep
Comes to the empty wrestling-ring ;

Upon the widowed wind recede
No echoes of the shepherd's reed :
And children without laughter lead
The war-horse to the watering ;

With footstep separate and slow
The father and the mother go,
Not now upon an urn they know
To mingle tears for comforting.

Thou stranger Ajax Telamon !
What to the lovely hast thou done,
That nevermore a maid may run
With him across the flowery Spring ?

The world to me has nothing dear
Beyond the namesake river here :
Oh, Simois is wild and clear !
And to his brink my heart I bring ;

My heart, if only this might be,
Would stay his waters from the sea,
To cover Troy, to cover me,

—
To haste the hour of perishing.
(Alas, alas,
That one inexorable thing !)

—

BEATI MORTUI

Blessed the Dead in Spirit, our brave dead
Not passed, but perfected :
Who tower up to mystical full bloom
From self, as from a known alchemic tomb ;
Who out of wrong
Run forth with laughter and a broken thong ;
Who win from pain their strange and flawless grant
Of peace anticipant ;
Who cerements lately wore of sin, but now,
Unbound from foot to brow,
Gleam in and out of cities, beautiful
As sun-born colours of a forest pool
Where Autumn sees
The splash of walnuts from her thinning trees.

Though wondered-at of some, yea, feared almost
As any chantry ghost,
How sight of these, in hermitage or mart,
Makes glad a wistful heart !
For life's apologetics read most true
In spirits risen anew,
Like larks in air
To whom flat earth is all a heavenward stair,
And who from yonder parapet
Scorn every mortal fret,
And rain their sweet bewildering staves
Upon our furrow of fresh-delvèd graves.

If thus to have trod and left the wormy way
 Makes men so wondrous gay,
 So stripped and free and potently alive,
 Who would not his infirmity survive,
 And bathe in victory, and come to be
 As blithe as ye,
 Saints of the ended wars? Ah, greeting give;
 Turn not away, too fugitive:
 But hastening towards us, hallow the foul street,
 And sit with us at meat,
 And of your courtesy, on us unwise
 Fix oft those purer eyes,
 Till in ourselves who love them dwell
 The same sure light ineffable:
 Till they who walk with us in after years
 Forgetting time and tears
 (As we with you), shall sing all day instead;
 "How blessèd are the Dead!"

FROM "TWO IRISH PEASANT SONGS"

I. IN LEINSTER

I try to knead and spin, but my life is low the while.
 Oh, I long to be alone, and walk abroad a mile;
 Yet if I walk alone, and think of naught at all,
 Why from me that's young should the wild tears fall?

 The shower-sodden earth, the earth-coloured streams,
 They breathe on me awake, and moan to me in dreams,
 And yonder ivy fondling and broke castle-wall,
 It pulls upon my heart till the wild tears fall.

 The cabin-door looks down a furze-lighted hill,
 And far as Leighlin Cross the fields are green and still;
 But once I hear the blackbird in Leighlin hedges call,
 The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall!

DEO OPTIMO MAXIMO

All else for use, One only for desire;
 Thanksgiving for the good, but thirst for Thee:
 Up from the best, whereof no man need tire,
 Impel Thou me.

Delight is menace if Thou brood not by,
 Power a quicksand, Fame a gathering jeer.
 Oft as the morn (though none of earth deny
 These three are dear),

Wash me of them, that I may be renewed,
 And wander free amid my freeborn joys:
 Oh, close my hand upon Beatitude!
 Not on her toys.

SANCTUARY

High above hate I dwell:
 O storms! farewell.
 Though at my sill your daggered thunders play
 Lawless and loud to-morrow as to-day,
 To me they sound more small
 Than a young fay's footfall:
 Soft and far-sunken, forty fathoms low
 In Long Ago,
 And winnowed into silence on that wind
 Which takes wars like a dust, and leaves but love
 behind.

Hither Felicity
 Doth climb to me,
 And back me in with turf and marjoram
 Such as bees lip, or the new-weanèd lamb;

With golden barberry-wreath;
 And bluets thick beneath;
 One grosbeak, too, mid apple-buds a guest
 With bud-red breast,
 Is singing, singing! All the hells that rage
 Float less than April fog below our hermitage.

TO A DOG'S MEMORY

The gusty morns are here,
 When all the reeds ride low with level spear;
 And on such nights as lured us far of yore,
 Down rocky alleys yet, and through the pine,
 The Hound star and the pagan Hunter shine:
 But I and thou, ah, field-fellow of mine,
 Together roam no more.

Soft showers go laden now
 With odours of the sappy orchard-bough,
 And brooks begin to brawl along the march;
 Streams the late frost from hollow sedges high;
 The finch is come, the flame-blue dragon-fly,
 The marsh-born marigold that children spy,
 The plume upon the larch.

There is a music fills
 The oaks of Belmont, and the Wayland hills
 Southward to Dewing's little bubbly stream,—
 The heavenly weather's call! Oh, who alive
 Hastes not to start, delays, not to arrive,
 Having free feet that never felt a gyve
 Weigh, even in a dream?
 But thou, instead, hast found
 The sunless April uplands underground,
 And still, wherever thou art, I must be.

My beautiful! arise in might and mirth,
 (For we were tameless travellers from our birth)
 Arise against thy narrow door of earth,
 And keep the watch for me.

FROM "OXFORD"

A LAST VIEW

II

Stars in the bosom of thy braided tide,
 Soft air and ivy on thy gracile stone,
 O Glory of the West, as thou wert sown,
 Stand perfect: O miraculous, abide!
 And still, for greatness flickering from thy side,
 Eternal alchemist, evoke, enthrone
 True heirs in true succession, later blown
 From that same seed of fire which never died.

Nor Love shall lack her solace, to behold
 Ranged to the morrow's melancholy verge,
 Thy lights uprisen in Thought's disclosing spaces;
 And round some beacon-spirit, stable, old,
 In radiant broad tumultuary surge
 For ever, the young voices, the young faces.

DOVES

Ah, if man's boast and man's advance be vain,
 And yonder bells of Bow, loud-echoing home,
 And the lone Tree, foreknow it, and the Dome,
 That monstrous island of the middle main;
 If each inheritor must sink again
 Under his sires, as falleth where it clomb

Back to the gone wave the disheartened foam?—
I crossed Cheapside, and this was in my brain.

What folly lies in forecasts and in fears!
Like a wide laughter sweet and opportune,
Wet from the fount, three hundred doves of Paul's
Shook their warm wings, drizzling the golden noon,
And in their rain-cloud vanished up the walls.
"God keeps," I said, "our little flock of years."



THE ACKNOWLEDGMENT

By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Since first I knew it our divine employ
To beat beyond the reach of soiling care,
As at Philippi, well of doom aware,
The prætor called and heard the singing-boy;
Since first my soul so jealous was of joy,
That any facile linden-bloom in air,
Or fall of water on a wildwood stair,
Annulled for her all dragging dull annoy;
Though word of thanks I lacked, though dumb I
smiled

Long, long, at such august amends up-piled,
Let this the debt redeem: that when Ye drop
Death's aloe-leaf within my honeyed cup,
On thoughtful knee your much-beholden child,
Immortals! unto You will drink it up.

WINCHESTER *

By LIONEL JOHNSON

To the fairest!

Then to thee
 Consecrate and bounden be,
 Winchester! this verse of mine.
 Ah, that loveliness of thine!
 To have lived enchanted years
 Free from sorrow, free from fears,
 Where thy tower's great shadow falls
 Over those proud buttressed walls;
 Whence a purpling glory pours
 From high heaven's inheritors,
 Throned within the arching stone!
 To have wandered, hushed, alone,
 Gently round thy fair, fern-grown
 Chauntry of the Lilies, lying
 Where the soft night winds go sighing
 Round thy cloisters in moonlight
 Branching dark, or touched with white:
 Round old, chill aisles, where moon-smitten
 Blanches the *Orate*, written
 Under each worn, old-world face
 Graven on Death's holy place!

To the noblest!

None but thee.
 Blest our living eyes, that see
 Half a thousand years fulfilled
 Of that age, which Wykeham willed
 Thee to win; yet all unworn,

* From *Poems*, Elkin Mathews, publisher.

The Pathfinder

As upon that first March morn,
When thine honoured city saw
Thy young beauty without flaw,
Born within her water-flowing,
Ancient hollows, by wind blowing
Hills enfolded ever more.
Thee, that lord of splendid lore,
Orient from old Hellas' shore,
Grocyn, had to mother: thee,
Monumental majesty
Of most high philosophy
Honours, in thy wizard Browne:
Tender Otway's dear renown,
Mover of a perfect pity,
Victim of the iron city,
Thine to cherish is: and thee,
Laureate of Liberty;
Harper of the Highland faith,
Elf, and fairy, and wan wraith;
Chaunting softly, chaunting slowly,
Minstrel of all melancholy:
Master of all melody,
Made to cling around memory;
Passion's poet, Evening's voice,
Collins glorified. Rejoice,
Mother! in thy sons: for all
Love thine immemorial
Name, august and musical.
Not least he, who left thy side,
For his sire's, thine earlier pride,
Arnold: whom we mourn to-day,
Prince of song and gone away
To his brothers of the bay:
Thine the love of all his years;
His be now thy praising tears.

To the dearest!

Ah, to thee!

Hast thou not in all to me
Mother, more than mother, been?
Well toward thee may Mary Queen
Bend her with a mother's mien;
Who so rarely dost express
An inspiring tenderness,
Woven with thy sterner strain,
Prelude of the world's true pain.
But two years, and still my feet,
Found thy very stones more sweet,
Than the richest fields elsewhere:
Two years, and thy sacred air
Still poured balm upon me, when
Nearer drew the world of men;
When the passions, one by one,
All sprang upward to the sun:
Two years have I lived, still thine;
Lost, thy presence! gone, that shrine,
Where six years, what years! were mine.
Music is the thought of thee;
Fragrance, all thy memory.
Those thy rugged Chambers old,
In their gloom and rudeness, hold
Dear remembrances of gold.
Some first blossoming of flowers
Made delight of all the hours;
Greatness, beauty, all things fair
Made the spirit of thine air:
Old years live with thee; thy sons
Walk with high companions.
Then, the natural joy of earth,
Joy of very health and birth!
Hills, upon a summer noon:

Water Meads, on eves of June!
Chamber Court, beneath the moon:
Days of spring, on Twyford Down,
Or when autumn woods grew brown;
As they looked, when here came Keats,
Chaunting of autumnal sweets;
Through this city of old haunts,
Murmuring immortal chaunts:
As when Pope, art's earlier king,
Here, a child, did nought but sing;
Sang, a child, by nature's rule,
Round the trees of Twyford School:
Hours of sun beside Mead's Wall,
Ere the may began to fall;
Watching the rooks rise and soar,
High from lime and sycamore:
Wanderings by old-world ways,
Walks and streets of ancient days;
Closes, churches, arches, halls,
Vanished men's memorials.
There was beauty, there was grace,
Each place was an holy place:
There the kindly fates allowed
Me too room; and made me proud,
Prouder name I have not wist!
With the name of Wykehamist.
These thy joys: and more than these:
Ah, to watch beneath thy trees,
Through long twilights linden-scented,
Sunsets, lingering, lamented,
In the purple waste prevented,
Ere they fell, by evening star!
Ah, long nights of winter! far
Leaps and roars the faggot fire;
Ruddy smoke rolls higher, higher,

Broken through by flame's desire;
 Circling faces glow, all eyes
 Take the light; deep radiance flies,
 Merrily flushing overhead
 Names of brothers, long since fled;
 And fresh clusters, in their stead,
 Jubilant round fierce forest flame.
 Friendship too must make her claim:
 But what songs, what memories end,
 When they tell of friend on friend?
 And for them, I thank thy name.

Love alone of gifts, no shame
 Lessens, and I love thee: yet
 Sound it but of echoes, let
 This my maiden music be,
 Of the love I bear to thee,
 Witness and interpreter,
 Mother mine: loved Winchester!



QUATRAIN

By JAMES LANE ALLEN

If in this life you do not win the prize,
 Let not another's winning cloud the skies:
 Not what is won but what must not be lost —
 There all the worth and all the wisdom lies.

Recent Publications

MAURICE LEBLANC — 813. Arsène Lupin, the delectable gentleman-robber essays again the detective rôle in this tale of murder and mystery, and gives the jaded reader an endless run of thrills. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1911.

CLARENCE E. MULFORD — *Bar-20 Days*. It is the same Hopalong Cassidy, but in some way, whether through his associates or his environment, he seems to lack that natural easy gait that gave us such keen pleasure in the other stories. It is by no means a dull tale, however. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1911.

JOHN OLIVER CURWOOD — *The Honor of the Big Snows*. Again in the far North under the dome of the world, the author of *The Danger Trail* has placed this story of simple love and life. The wistful, tender nature of the half-breed Jan Thoreau gives a distinctive note of charm to the story. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1911.

JOHN GALSWORTHY — *The Patrician*. Easily the best work from the pen of this writer. The characters in this novel of the privileged class of present-day England are as clear cut as a cameo; the dialogue is polished, incisive and informed; and the description has at times a certain lyric charm that is rather new to this author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1911.

MARGUERITE AUDOUX — *Marie-Claire*. It seems almost a pity that we should have made a sensation out of this little book that must, by all the band of bibliophiles, become a classic. The little cross section of life, typed in this French waif and seamstress is a prose idyll, with all the artlessness of the folk-song. Arnold Bennett has written an adequate Introduction. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1911.

THEODOSIA GARRISON. — *The Earth Cry and Other Poems*. Poems, exquisitely tender and of an elusive, haunting charm, make up the larger part of this collection and seemingly belie the suggestion of full-throated robustness in the title. The wistful appeal in the love poems is of that joy akin to sadness. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 1911.

E. M. FORSTER—*Howards End*. On careful reading one can easily understand the favor with which this novel has been received by the English press and reading public. This book, which the *London Mail* speaks of as the "seasons great novel," possesses to a marvelous degree the Brontëan outlook and touch. A more or less commonplace situation through the writer's mellow style, has become something more than a keenly vivid, realistic social study. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1911.

ALFRED NOYES.—*A Poet's Anthology of Poems*. Fate will doubtless deal kindly with this little collection of English verse, a kind of poetic *apologia* by one who bears the seal of great promise in English poetry. One will be keen to possess the book for this reason, although as a poet's breviary it is without reproach. The Preface to the book by Mr. Noyes is also an important document in the study of his poetry. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1911.

WALLACE AND FRANCES RICE.—*The Humbler Poets*. In this *Second Series* of fugitive verse collected from newspapers and periodicals, the editors have brought the work down from 1885, at which point the *First Series* by Slason Thompson, same publishers, ends. The editors have applied as a test for inclusion from their quarter-century of verse, the fairly just one of appeal to the press of the country. This has enabled them to compile an extremely useful book, although naturally much of the verse included will not stand a higher test. The poems are grouped under various headings with skill and critical insight. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1911.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.—*French Men, Women and Books*. France has been particularly fortunate in having this English woman interpret its men and letters for English readers. Singularly gifted from a literary standpoint, she joins to a peculiar and natural sympathy for things French the larger and more catholic viewpoint that comes from a wider range. Within the limits she imposes, however, there is great diversity of subject and treatment. While perhaps the tone of this book is a trifle more serious, it furnishes as pleasant reading as her delightful earlier works, *Home Life in France* and *Literary Rambles in France*. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1911.

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Editor and Publisher

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NEW JERSEY

The INTERNATIONAL



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